

THE SHAKER MANIFESTO.

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VOL. XI.

JULY, 1881.

No. 7.

THE ZODIACAL CONSTELLATIONS.

LUCY S. BOWERS.

The sun and the stars move on in their course,
Nor fail the full race to pursue;
And give unto all of their undimming light,
And beauty which ever seems new.

With knowledge acute of their mystical ways,
The astronomer follows them still,
As on through the depths of the twilight they go,
Their mission of years to fulfill.

The ancients of yore on the Chaldean plains,
Watched nightly the stars in their train—
As earth rolling over retreated from light,
While they glittered, again and again.

Their clusterings appeared to their fancy or mind,
To measure the lapse of earth's time,
And each constellation full well symbolized,
The season through which they might shine.

Their harvest, their winter, and spring time were all
Made known by the signs in the sky ;
Which rising aloft in the orient light,
Would set when their season passed by.

* * * *

The Sun enters *Aries*, the Ram of the sky,
'Mid frost, and mid storms that are cold;
But the Spring, Equinox in its vernal array,
Is the glory it seeks to unfold.

Bright April approaching, with *Taurus* to reign,
Replenished is earth at its dawn :
The steer, and the hind, and blossom appear,
Held sacred in days that are gone.

The world turneth o'er, and the sun moveth on,
Until *Gemini* brilliantly shines;
Then superabundantly treasures are given,
And rich are their varied designs.

'Neath *Cancer* we live, in delights that will pass
In beauties known only to June ;
But the Crab moving back continues the round,
Though this solstice comes always too soon.

Now thirsty and panting with fever and heat,
The *Lion* his jungles will leave;
And forth to the banks of the river doth go,
Of water so sweet to receive.

'Tis thus represented, July cometh on,
When *Leo* is fair just above ;—
The day-breeze is sultry the dew scarcely falls,
But his reign we admire and love.

The Waterman comes with his measure of tears,
And long does he give of his store,
But *Aquarius* now in the oxidant sky
Reminds that his reigning is o'er.

And slowly the streams now give of their life,
For *Pisces* is bright in its dawn ;

Rich gifts for sustaining the hungry, who
Would have famished e'er winter had
gone.

Thus the Sun goeth on in his unceasing
round,
And fair is his star-lighted way,
Whose time the sidereal letters record,
And betoken the dawn of each day.

So the scenes of the Zodiac, one after one,
Successive in beauty appear;
The subjects of interest, study and praise,
As they teach us their lessons of cheer.

O Queen of the harvest so wealthy and fair
What gleams lit thy journey along,
Thy golden array is a burden of worth
And the sound of the reaper thy song.

Thus Virgo—the Virgin—shines brightly
aloft,

And calm is her lingering night,
When fading away in the distance afar,
We instead view the Balance of light.

'Tis Libra the giver of justice unfeigned,
Though divider of sunshine and shade
Which measured to earth all alike may
observe,
Equilibrium perfectly made.

October adorned with rich clusters of fruit,
Is more lavish than temperate or wise,
And the Scorpion soon of his bounty bereft,
Recedes at the loss of his prize.

The leaf gently falls and November near by,
The rabbit his home must inlay,
For the Archer abroad tells this secret to all,
Sagittarius is after his prey.

The Goat which ascends the high mountainous rocks,
Is the emblem of Winter so drear,
But the sun climbing up from his solstice
of ice,
Makes Capricorn brightly appear.

EXPLANATION: To the Egyptians, the stars as clustered together represented different productions of nature in those seasons over which they seemed to preside. Thus the Spring signs, *Aries*, *Taurus*, *Gemini* were distinguished for the production of such animals, as were held in the highest esteem. The third month being the most abundant, was represented by *Gemini*. When the sun enters the fourth sign, it retrogrades or begins to move toward the south pole, which motion is represented by Cancer, the Crab, which often runs backward. The heat, which follows in the next

month, is denoted by the Lion, which at this season impelled by thirst leaves the desert and visits the banks of the Nile; August or harvest time is characterized by a *Virgin*, or female reaper, bearing an ear of corn. When the sun enters *Libra* the days and nights are equal all over the world, and seems to observe an equilibrium, like a balance. Autumn, which produces fruits, brings with it a variety of diseases; and this season is denoted by the venomous *Scorpion*, which is thought to wound with its sting as it receded. The fall of the leaf was the season for hunting; which is represented by a huntsman or *Archer*. The *Goat*, which delights in clambering, is the emblem of the Winter solstice, when the sun begins to ascend from the southern tropic. *Aquarius* is represented by the figure of a man pouring out water from an urn, an emblem of the watery or uncomfortable season of Winter. The *Fish*, the twelfth or last sign, denotes the fishing season; the severity of the season being over, and the flocks not affording sustenance, the seas and rivers were then opened and abounded with fish.

Mount Lebanon, N. Y.

BROOK-FARM COMMUNITY.

DANIEL FRASER.

On the death of George Ripley, founder of the "Brook Farm Community," the *London Standard* discourses thus: "To those whose memory extends back forty years the death of George Ripley will recall the famous experiment with which his name will ever be connected. We refer to the Brook Farm Community. It was a socialist attempt to make the world better."

A commune, that numbered among its members Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne and Margaret Fuller, could scarcely fail to leave its mark. Of the cultivated men and women who took part in it, nearly all are dead. George was the soul of the enterprise, into which he cast a fortune which would have saved him from a life of toil its loss entailed.

This commune was a gathering of great-

hearted Idealists, full of life and enthusiasm. After studying a few notices of their life which the members have placed on record, the reader is inclined to believe that the Brook farmers looked on the whole affair as if a communal life was a prolonged picnic, with some philosophy to sublimate the earthliness of plowing fields and milking cows. Brook Farm was an innocent community; every one did as seemed right in his or her eyes, yet the breath of scandal never touched George Ripley's community.

About the year 1840 was a time of peace, and there was a kind of ferment heating up the Old world and the New. The Americans had got over their first bursts of patriotic ardor, and were discovering that life ought not to be wholly spent in pursuit of individual interests. With them socialistic experiments took root early and succeeded best. But Idealists who expected to find in the model republic the best of all possible governments were disappointed at finding one not much better than that from which they had fled. The reaction naturally landed them in researches after higher forms of social life. The people were growing dissatisfied, and they began to dream dreams, and seek out seers; and for the time being, the thoughtful theorist was expatiating on the Essenes, and the Therapeutic, the Shaking Quakers, Plato's Republic, and Moore's Utopia.

Brook Farm was a pleasant enough affair. The members chopped wood and talked of the infinite; peeled apples and reconstructed the universe; and as Hawthorne expressed, "felt they were leading a righteous and Heaven-blessed way of life." Before breakfast he chopped hay for the cattle, brought wood and replenished the fires, and then went down and ate a huge mound of buckwheat cakes. After breakfast George Ripley, himself, and another member armed with four pronged tools made a gallant attack on a heap of manure.

The novelist jocularly intimates "that after this hard work and plain fare, that he felt the original Adam reviving within him." A life of labor for the good of the community at first had its charms, but when the novelty wore away, the socialistic en-

thusiasm also evaporated. Of course the "Brook Farm" failed. Its theory was excellent, too good for the nineteenth century. Its founders were noble men and women, but they left out of account that important factor "Human nature." They indeed tried to live a better life, and to return to a simpler state of society, which they fondly fancied to be that of the "natural man." But the melancholy truth is, "the natural man" does not love his brother—he eats him. (Hence) George Ripley and his faithful followers went forth into a stormy, jeering world, poor, sorrowful, but unconvinced.

In the Brook Farm Community we find two forces in operation—one that formed it, and another which destroyed it. Do these opposite forces inhere in man? If they do, then man can create communities, and also destroy them, whenever he wills to do so. On looking into man, we find, that he in common with all animals has an emotional life represented by the propensities. And that he has also an emotional life represented by manifestations of justice, benevolence, mercy and aspirations after, and a growth into these divine attributes. Of this dual emotional life, the Apostle remarked :

"I feel a law, a force in my members, warring against the law of my mind, etc." All human manifestations refer themselves to these laws; whether they create a community having goods in common, or destroy such an order of things, whether they bring forth peace on earth, or war with all its horrors. Man creates his own social conditions, and is the subject of the inspirations he yields himself to obey.

At present, the preponderance of the animal in man renders the formation of communities having goods in common all but impossible. Even those who yield themselves to obey the inspirations of the higher law will from time to time—as Hawthorne did—"feel the old Adam reviving within them." Therefore, those who will be the disciples of the Divine Teacher will have to do as the "Master" did and as Paul did—bear a daily cross, otherwise there can be no release from the bondage of the propensities, and the social conditions incident thereto.

Man stands between the heavens and the Hells. If he wills to have the help of the former, he will have to be an earnest worker, and work up hill all the time:

The law of the life of the propensities is, "The love of self at the expense of others." The law of the higher life, "is the love of others, at the expense of self." The latter law, when in operation, creates communities having goods in common; when they fail it is because the former law prevails.

The mystery of living the higher—the divine—life while on earth is here unfolded:

The higher law does not manufacture communal life out of the earthly one, nor from its conditions; but creates all things anew according to the law of the higher emotional life in man. Fulfilling that remarkable prophecy—Jer. 51, 31, etc.: "That not a stone for a foundation nor for a corner could be accepted from the lower life, in rearing the social structures appropriate to the higher one."

The correspondent of the *Standard* states: "Man does not love his brother—he eats him." Is this not true politically? And under the competitive system do not men swallow one another up? Is not commercial cannibalism a leading force in all the cities of Christendom?

The unrestrained action of the propensities from the eating of huge mounds of buckwheat cakes to the criminal extravagances of Delmonico's, the absorbing speculations of the merchant, and the exploits of the warrior, are at variance with the beneficent procedure of communal life. A community, to be alive and growing, must be beneficent. If it cares but for itself, it will die. There is nothing that arrests the action of the higher life among men, and so destructive of personal and social progress as is war. Under its power men become demoniacal machines—give themselves up body and soul for destructive purposes. It seems that the morality of individuals and of nations was based only on their ability to conquer, hold and monopolize land, and hence, to vitiate the conditions of human equality—creating classes and castes among men.

The writer lately had a visit with one of the survivors of the Brook Farm Commu-

nity. It was refreshing to hear the testimony: "that George Ripley and his companions sought the elevation of the lowly, and that social privileges and distinctions were alike open to all."

All honor to the Brook Farm Communists whether in the land of souls, or still in the body. They honored themselves, Massachusetts and humanity. Happy day, when men and women will fulfill all righteousness, while doing "that which is right in their own eyes."

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

PRIDE.

ANTOINETTE DOOLITTLE.

There is much truth contained in the proverb that "pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall;" and also that "pride and anger were not made for man."

The question has been asked, and with much propriety: Why should mortal man be proud? What does he possess that he has not received from sources outside of and beyond himself? When we view the helpless infant rocked in the cradle, or folded in its mother's arms, and see how it requires assistance every hour, its very life depending upon aid thus rendered, we are forced to acknowledge the indebtedness due to those who tenderly nurture and care for us through all the infantile years.

As time rolls on, physical strength increases, thoughts mature and expand, and the care of parents and guardians grows less, until we conclude to venture out upon the sea of life for ourselves, in a vessel of our own choosing—if circumstances will permit—and sail upon smooth waters when we can, and toss upon the rolling billows when we must, and breast the fierce winds and rude storms as best we may, while steering for the port we have set out to gain. Whatever our aspirations may be, and whichever way we bend our course, we are dependent upon the forces of nature or providence to aid and direct, without which our own efforts would be ineffectual.

Unaided human effort cannot effect much,

but co-operative action with seen and unseen forces, when in harmony with written and unwritten laws, are oftentimes marvelous in results; success or failure is largely due to relations thus sustained. If the fullest success attend us in our life pursuits, still, of what shall we boast? Or why should we be proud or lifted up? We cannot say to this agency or that, I have no need of thee. Philosophers, astronomers and geologists, together with wealth and pleasure-seekers, have had pioneers who preceded them, and have their competitors at the present time.

If modern science, through various instrumentalities, has produced improved methods of attaining desired results, in the study of the stellar regions or in the accumulation of knowledge and wealth by analysis of minerals and soils, it is the product of many minds, and of persistent and persevering effort; but, if such attainments are applied to the earth life only, they are of short duration as far as individuals are concerned, for, as has been truthfully said, "it is, seemingly, but a step from the cradle to the grave." If the desire of the heart be unselfish, and the ruling purpose of our life work is directed to benefit humanity and to leave the world wiser, richer and better for our sojourn in it, then our existence in the rudimentary sphere will prove a blessing, and will call forth gratitude free from self-exaltation. If such be our aim, we shall be apt to make a clean record during our pilgrimage here, and to gain a clear title to an inheritance in the world of realities beyond.

As we are perfectly dependent when we first open our eyes upon material objects in the mundane sphere, so are we also helpless and dependent when we pass out of it into other states of existence, and, without doubt, myriads of souls who pass out of this world, and are born into spirit life, are as helpless as is the infant when ushered into being here, and as ignorant of the laws which govern that land, and of the dwellers there, and will require as much attention at the hands of nurturing, guiding and disciplinary paternity there as here before they become sufficiently developed to act, with discretion, for themselves.

Ah! how little we know of the vast future,

of its boundless stores of knowledge and wealth, now hidden from our view, to be revealed in the fullness of time. How vague are our thoughts and incomplete our understanding concerning the designs of the Creator in regard to the worlds of mind and matter revolving in unmeasured space! The more we realize this truth the more we shall feel our inability to act independently and the less disposed to glory in our own attainments, whether of greater or less magnitude.

Pride, fostered in the human heart, has decoyed and deceived many. One of the inspired prophets of olden time said: "Though thou exaltest thyself as the eagle, and though thou makest thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord." *Righteousness* exalteth individuals and nations.

When we launch our vessels upon time's broad ocean, should we unfurl truth's banner, bearing the inscription "Honesty and Justice," and firmly resolve never to sail under another ensign, we would find in the end that we had secured a name and place, better and more enduring than any potentate of earth could give or receive, or that wealth could procure. We should be carried above personal self-seeking and renown, and our highest aspiration would be to honor God and benefit humanity, by first purifying our own hearts. Then we could be instrumental in uplifting others to better conditions, and thus form credentials worthy to be presented to the high courts in the spirit world, and to be stored among the archives there.

CIRCUMCISION AND BEARDS.

F. W. EVANS.

In the primitive church, certain men taught the brethren: "Except ye be circumcised, ye cannot be saved." Acts 15. Paul and Barnabas controvred this position. The result was, a delegation of the disputants went up to Jerusalem — to the church — to argue the case. Speeches were delivered pro and con. The Jerusalem church was composed of Jews, who had ever been taught, from their youth up, that circumcision was a seal of salvation, making a

distinction — a line of demarcation — between the people of God and the world of ungodly Gentiles. Probably there never was an external rite that had more internal virtues attached to it. In truth, the Jew conceived it as a separating act from the heathen or Gentile. Was it any wonder that the Apostles should require Gentile converts to be circumcised, on pain of eternal damnation? They made a strong case; but there was a stronger than they — a stronger power than they possessed. Peter had been disciplined unto this very work. "When Peter was come up to Jerusalem, they of the circumcision — Apostles and brethren — contended with him, saying, Thou wentest into men uncircumcised and didst eat with them." Acts 11. Peter rehearsed the whole matter of his vision, coincident with the vision of Cornelius — how angels brought them, Jew and Gentile, together, when the Holy Ghost fell on them, as on us at the beginning; "from which he thus concluded: 'Forasmuch, then, as God gave them the same gift as He did unto us, who believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, what was I that I could withstand God?' The Apostles and brethren concluded: 'Then hath God also to the Gentiles granted repentance unto life.' Thus the point was settled that the gospel was as free to Gentiles as to Jews. Gentiles could be saved, but on what conditions, was the question next in order? The disciples, who had been Pharisees, said, the Gentiles must first become Jews in order to become Christians — they must be circumcised or they could not be saved. It was by facts, not words nor desires, that the first point had been settled. The Gentiles, while in uncircumcised condition, were blessed of God — received spiritual gifts, just as did those who had been circumcised — the Holy Ghost making no distinction between them on that account. It decided that circumcision or uncircumcision was nothing but a new life — change of character. How this decision came across the life-long habits of thought of the Apostles and brethren — the church — we can easily imagine, by what is transpiring in our own day, subject to our own observation. We have Jerusalem churches in all our societies of Shakers,

composed of apostles and brethren, who have, like the Jerusalem church, borne the burden and heat of the day. They shaved while in the world, before the gospel reached them, just as they used alcoholic drinks, ate pork, smoked and chewed tobacco, and did many other things *not now allowable*.

These habits became, to them, sanctified, by being incorporated with true gospel faith and practice. At this time, when persons are being called into the gospel who do not choose to shave — did not shave while in the world, but who are good believers in all things else, the question comes up, Can they be saved except they shave? This is the question that conscientious novitiate elders and brethren of the gathering families are sending up to the churches — the old believers — to settle. As in the other case, in the primitive church, God has settled it before and for them, the Holy Ghost having been just as free to give gifts to the unshaved as to the shaved. In all things they have been, and are, approved by the powers of the world to come. Will not the shaving believers call to mind the words of Peter: "What was I that I should withstand God?" In the most serious political situation of our country — the choice of a chief magistrate — if the nation be saved from anarchy and confusion, resulting from the strife of parties for the offices — pre-eminence — it will be by leading minds in the losing party rising superior to party selfishness and private ambition, and uniting with the winning party, upon statesman-like principles, to build up the government, as conserving the good which has been gradually accumulating for generations past, through the labors and sufferings of patriots, humanitarians and true reformers. Such men may be republicans or democrats, but, above all, they are American citizens, seeking the welfare of the human race by working out a perfect civil government on this continent. How much union there is in this object may be seen by comparing the platforms of principles and measures issued by republicans and democrats before the election. They were well-nigh identical. It is doubtful whether the sovereign people could tell, at the end of four years, which had been their chief

magistrate, a republican or a democrat, if the name could be concealed. It is a strife between the ins and outs, clean cut. "Let us have peace and a President!" is the people's cry, March 1st, "no new election, no delay, no filibustering to gratify partisan feeling or personal jealousy and revenge, for men who will thus act have no business in Washington as legislators."

Judgment begins at the house of God. If the people of God, unto whom Christ has appeared a second time, without sin, unto salvation, cannot increase with the increase of God from faith to faith, through the seven travels by which they, being Gentiles by descent, habit and thought, shall progress up out of the labyrinth of error — the corruptions that are in the world through the lusts of generation, of property and digestion — to the law that in itself, when divested of traditions, comments and interpretations, is pure and holy, so much so that heaven and earth would both pass away and be no more, as easy and as certain as the law upon which they rest could pass away. The natural comes first. Unless we do right in food, generation and property, there is no use multiplying words about salvation in this world or any other.

The marriage of the lamb and bride means a union of the law and gospel — this, and nothing else. Certainly it was not the marriage of Jesus and Ann, according to our first childish thoughts, as first cycle theologists. The Gentiles, as such, have in them the seven plagues, or forms of evil, that are to be revealed by light and removed by power in the seven travels of the church — the seven cycles of John the Revelator. The Gentile mother-church must be clothed in fine linen — in garments of needlework, in wrought gold — great persistent labor and toil — in the physiological righteousness of Jewish saints.

All the conservatism of human nature, as exhibited in the ante-diluvians, in the Egyptians, in stiff-necked, rebellious Israel, in the Jews who stoned the prophets and killed those whom the Christ Spirit had sent unto them, who crucified Jesus before and after He left the body, put to cruel deaths all the twelve Apostles, inaugurated a century of

martyrdoms, followed the two witnesses for twelve hundred and sixty years, until Ann Lee arose, a mother in Israel, and a civil government was established that bound the dragon of church and State, by separating civil and ecclesiastical governments — all that conservatism is in the present people of God, the Shakers. They must be overcomers in all these respects, as none before them have been — must be baptized into the spirit of truth as to rise above educational prejudice and prepossessions, personal, petty jealousies and self-seeking gratifications of the physical senses, or of the mind — must have God in all their thoughts until salvation be their song and progressive redemption their life-long desire and effort, being circumcised in heart and spirit, cut off from the earth, knowing no man nor woman after the flesh, all things being created anew and all things of God. Would not such souls cease to mutilate them, cease to shave, as the Jewish converts ceased to mutilate each other, by ceasing to teach, preach or practice circumcision? Is not the habit of shaving as truly a bodily mutilation, as being made eunuchs of men? And as an unphysiological, disease-producing practice, is it not more dangerous, and far more revolting to the outward sight of normal Jews, than was circumcision?

ADDENDA:

FIRST PENTECOSTAL CHURCH.

This church, being composed of Jews, assumed that Gentiles had no part nor lot in the matter — could not become Christians. After the Holy Spirit decided otherwise, and convinced, first, Peter, then the whole Jerusalem church, that Gentiles could become good Christians, the same as Jews, the second idea was, that Gentiles could not become Christians unless they were circumcised, the Jewish converts not perceiving that circumcision was but an external rite, pointing toward a life of Christian celibacy, and that when the substance had come the type was used up. The Holy Spirit and church at Jerusalem decided that Gentiles need not be circumcised.

SECOND PENTECOSTAL CHURCH.

This, being composed of Gentiles, who

had been accustomed to shaving as the Jews had been accustomed to circumcision, decided at first that Jewish converts must be shaved or they could not be taken into union. Have not the Holy Spirit and this Gentile church as good a right to revoke that decision as the Holy Spirit and Jerusalem church had to change from the first idea—that Gentiles could not be saved at all—and the second idea—that, if saved, they must be circumcised?

DISCIPLINE.

M. J. A.

Covet thou the holy spirit of discipline; that which controls the thoughts, directs the motives, bridles the tongue, veils the eyes, sets a seal upon the lips, reins the emotions, subdues the passions, guards the morals, corrects the habits, governs the appetites, graces the carriage, lightens the footsteps, refines the manners, softens the language, chastens the loves, quickens the spirit, expands the soul, moulds the intellect, and inspires to ever increasing goodness. Thus shalt thou through the perfective grace of Wisdom, be transformed from the animal and earthly into the divine likeness of thy heavenly Father and Mother.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

FLATTERY.

MARTHA J. ANDERSON.

Beware of the flatterer's wiles! Many an innocent and confiding person has been drawn from the path of rectitude and virtue by the bland smiles and words of seductive flattery. "How handsome are your gaudy wings, how brilliant are your eyes," said the artful spider to the foolish fly, he was trying to ensnare. In that little fable lies a good moral which all young people would do well to heed. Flattery, like a cunning serpent, is as sure to sting as charm, they who carry it on their lips, bear the invective in their hearts. The fawning sycophant always proves the betrayer of confidence, love and trust, and should be shunned by

all who would sacredly guard their virtue and honor.

Vain adulation stimulates vanity and self-love. The person who is marked as the central attraction in society, and becomes the main object of blandishment and praise, often proves a most disagreeable and unlovely member of the household; because human nature, nurtured in the unreal and superficial, rises above just and honest criticism of actual faults which exist in the character, despite external charms; and the reproof of genuine friendship is too often resented with contempt and sullen anger. "Praised abroad and scolded at home," retorted an indolent beauty, whose young life poured out on the stream of folly, fashion and dissipation, overleaped the curb and restraint of parental reproof. But, are not parents often the most to blame? The child is petted and pampered in self-will; pride and vanity is cultivated in the extreme gaiety of attire. And surrounding friends, anxious to court favor, bestow undue praise on the young aspirant, whose own precocious nature needs but a spark to fan the flame that shall consume every particle of modesty and virtue, that might, under other circumstances, be unfolded in real beauty and worth. "There is no faithfulness in him who useth the tongue of flattery." The honest man and woman choose not vain words to vindicate their friendship. The "truth revealed in their inward parts," comes forth in plainness of speech; such stand upon the solid ground of unimpeachable integrity. They do not always please, but ever prove the best and truest friends in adversity, as well as prosperity.

The scriptures abound with moral instruction concerning the evil effect of flattery, as well as the good effects of reproof, when it is accepted in the right spirit. It would be well for the young to turn their active minds and unfolding faculties in right channels of thought. To search out the words of wisdom and truth, given for guidance and direction in paths of wisdom, peace and abiding happiness, leaving forever all frivolous, foolish thoughts and imaginations of fleeting evanescent life, for things real and substantial, and strive earnestly to culti-

vate these principles that shall form a character embodying truth, sincerity and uprightness of purpose and action.

GOVERNMENT.

CATHARINE ALLEN.

A central intelligence and governing force act upon every fibre of the universe, through laws adapted to its varied departments. The lower strata of material existence are subject to compulsive forces, which continually operate to bring forth order from chaos.

Without government there can be no organization; this is demonstrated even in the insect creation, of which the ant and bee are wonderful examples. As higher developments have appeared, and intelligence has increased, instinct has given place to reason, compulsion to free agency. As population has multiplied in different sections of country, and human beings have been brought nearer together in social relations, the greater has been the necessity of self-government, as well as for definite leadership and authority to prevent encroachments upon the rights of others. This authority, whether administered in despotic, theocratic, democratic or republican forms of government, has usually been a reflex of the theological views entertained; for the *theology* of a people bears the most potent influence in shaping the systems and customs of society. This has been especially the case in those countries where the civil laws and those pertaining to every department of life have been included in the sacred books; and where entire executive authority has been vested in the priesthood.

The justice of such governments has been particularly dependent upon the conceptions of Deity then entertained; and the progress of nations thus confined has necessarily been much slower than in those where the civil laws have been left free to adapt themselves to the ever expanding needs of society.

But however free the civil polity is from ecclesiastical rule, it will ever be an index of the religious sentiments as well as of the

social and intellectual standing of the people. Therefore civil governments can only advance with the growth of humanity toward the Great Soul of Justice and Love.

All law is absolute, universal and eternal.

Any thing framed by the ingenuity of man that cannot meet response from the higher sentiments of his fellow man will sooner or later perish, for the "government must rest upon the consent of the governed," no other basis can be enduring.

History repeats again and again the story of despotic reign, which, like a house divided against itself, ends in anarchy and destruction; proving that the laws of justice are stronger than mighty armies, and that the fires of immortal liberty will continue to burn deeper in the soil of humanity, till, bursting in volcanic grandeur, the mountains of kingly rule and of all usurped power shall be leveled, upfilling the valleys of oppression and suffering.

A true government will provide equally for all its subjects; this can never be done until the land is caused to become a birth-right inheritance, as are the sunlight and air; for "just in proportion as land becomes property" the cry for bread will be heard from the oppressed. Wealth and pauperism, class and caste. Continual strife between capital and labor, ignorance, war and crime of every nature, are inevitable results of all systems of monopoly.

This is recognized by many; but, where is the remedy? Philanthropists, socialists and statesmen of the highest intellectual genius, all fail to find it. But, let man look downward through the kingdoms of nature, and learn that it is the dual forces, male and female, which there preserve order and harmony. Let him look upward to the planetary systems, and observe the same fact; thus through outward nature, and through his own affections, learn that God, the great ruler and governor of all, is father and mother. Then let him strive to imitate the pattern set in the heavens, in the framing of earthly institutions, and he will find that the same parental government there applied will be productive of harmony, peace and prosperity.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

"SOUL TRAVEL."

O. PRENTISS.

Sublime ideas are wrapped up in this adjective and noun. When soul takes its mortality along it is rather a slow coach. Steamboats and railroads are decided improvements upon former editions. Leaving mortality behind, we occasionally make soul excursions in worlds that will shortly be ours. There we meet with friends, who are wholly liberated from mortality incumbrance, and we actualize, for the time being, one of the items of the creed of our early childhood, "The Communion of Saints."

In mortality or out we are never alone. Congeniality's unerring law draws kindred minds together, irrespective of mortality. Who would have good society, let him and her be good.

We are enshrined in mortality for educational purposes. This is our seminary. If we graduate, it is well; if not, all is not lost. A penitentiary awaits us, in the next world, where, like the Nazarene, we may "learn obedience by the things we suffer." To attain sublimest elevations—society of transparent seraphim and cherubim—neither time nor opportunity may be lost.

By indomitable self-control, native innocence must be retained unmarred.

CANON FARRAR, in closing his sermon at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on a recent Sunday, said: "Whenever you see a wrong deed and have the courage to say, 'It is wrong, and I, for one, will have nothing to do with it,' whenever you come in contact with a low and unchristian standard, or a bad, unworthy habit, and are man enough, first, to refuse to succumb to it, and then to do your best to overthrow it, you are a prophet, and by acting thus you can help to improve the moral judgment and raise the moral standard of the world. Your words and deeds will breathe like fresh wind through the perfumed and polluted atmosphere of society. Be brave, be just, be truthful and honest to the heart's core, and so serve your brother man, your Father God, and your Saviour the Lord Christ. If the gospel be the example of Christ, this is the gospel and nothing but the gospel."

Correspondence.

ADAMSVILLE, May 28, 1881.

Mr. F. W Evans:

DEAR SIR:—Through the courtesy of Mr. G. H. Philips, I learn that your people have brought the culinary art—the selection of food and preparation thereof—to a fine science. Being myself a sensitive, and having to adopt rules different from the people around me in order to live at all (in the body), I would like to get a little light on how your people prepare their food, and the kinds you use in every-day life, for my own benefit and health.

If not asking too much, would like to have you write me whatever you feel disposed to concerning the matter.

I eat no meats, and find superfine flour injurious; live principally on fruits and cereals; find it hard to get the whole grain and save the necessary chemicals—properties contained therein.

Now, if you will give me a little light on the choice of food and the preparation for use, you will confer to me a great favor.

Yours in spirit and in truth,

J. WARREN BURRINGTON,
Adamsville, Franklin Co., Mass.

MT. LEBANON, June 5, 1881.

J. Warren Burrington:

RESPECTED FRIEND:—Your letter of May 28 at hand. I am always pleased to meet people who have, at least, *one* idea of reform. In the revelation of St. John, it is stated that the number of the beast was 666—the letters composing an evil to which humanity is subject. If there has to be that number of reforms to redeem humanity, for each *one* we should be thankful. You have found a very important reform. If true to it, it will lead you into all truth—all the reforms—666. Moses taught physiology: "The Lord your God shall take all sickness away from the midst of you." Jesus healed the sick, enjoining, "Go and sin no more." Ann Lee put the axe to the root of disease, the king of evils—prostitution of man's creative powers. There is not among all the lusts of flesh and mind, one to be compared with the

sexual lust. Conquer that, and you need not fear any of the crew of evils that curse the race. As cutting off a dog's head cures him of sheep killing, so does the resurrection effected by the Christ Spirit cure natural men and women of the lusts of body and mind. It kills them dead, and then raises them up again. "I kill and I make alive—I wound and I heal." Except a man hate his own (generative) life, he cannot have the life of Christ.

This is Shakerism. It came first to Gentiles, who previously had no reform in *diet, generation, property or social organization*. The Jews possessed the most radical reform in all those departments: In diet, *manna*; in generation, sexual commerce once in three years to beget a child, then three years before it was weaned, during which time entire abstinence was the rule; in property, *land, clothing, food, houses or tents*—in common. For forty years these conditions existed among a million of people, more or less. The first step the captive Jews in Egypt took was to make unleavened bread—"Shem bread"—that would keep. It was good wheat, mixed with water, baked so hard that they "break" it—hence "breaking of bread." Can you break leavened bread composed of superfine wheaten flour from the Rochester Mills? No more than you could break paste. The teeth are not needed to eat such bread. Dentists remove them as useless. Cows fed upon distillery slops shed their teeth as of no use in manufacturing milk from such materials. Soft food and ten minutes to gulp it down makes modern Christians, who believe any thing the priest prepares, as they eat what the cook concocts: A *trinity, an atonement, resurrection* of their physical bodies, etc., etc.; that a king can do no wrong; that one man, like Joseph in Egypt, may rightfully buy all the land of the nation; that women are not citizens—have no rights man is bound to respect—their mental and physical stomachs are like an India rubber bag, or an omnibus, never full, and never digest what is put into it.

The man who was born all along shore and my instruction will be, to you, some-

what alike in definiteness and concentration.

At first, Wisdom leads her children by crooked ways and brings fear and dread upon them, torments them with her discipline, and afflicts them with unwelcome truths, until she has tried them by her laws and proved them by her injunctions and can trust their souls; then she turns the straight way unto them, comforts them and shows them her secrets. Seek first the kingdom of heaven, for which you have so long been praying. It is somewhere upon the earth. When you find it seek its righteousness—not any thing else—for the kingdom of heaven is as a net cast into the sea—good and bad fish are in it—truth and error—right and wrong—chaff and wheat. Then shall they return and discern between the precious and the vile—between him that serveth God and him that serveth Him not. This will require thought, discrimination, understanding of principles—Faith, Hope and Love. Respectfully,

F. W. EVANS.

Editorial.

UNCHRISTIAN ANTAGONISMS.

We received, recently, a letter from a friend, from which we make the following extract:

"I subscribed for THE MANIFESTO to learn of your principles. I have found much to admire, and but little to object to. I, however, take strong objections to your doctrine of Celibacy, as being at variance with nature, etc."

Thus we have the repetition of the same old, ooden story. Preferences to remain on the lower, animal plane, are to be regarded with a respect *due their value*. Desires and aspirations for a resurrection of life, *in this world*, will at the same time be in order, and will command the respect of those who plead against Celibacy as an unnatural observance—and a respect too, that needs somewhat of repelling,

else it becomes adoration, for virgin Celibacy brings its own sufficient reward. Now we see standing afar in the distance, not only individuals, but churches, who wish, that with all the good and glory and worldly honor they have, that they might also have added the exceeding weight of glory of the "celibate for the kingdom of heaven's sake."

It is singular, yet easily apparent, that men and women single out this Christly practice to abstain from it: They may abhor WAR, and love PEACE; they may give abundantly to the poor, even to stripping their own estates to a condition of pauperism for that purpose; they may shut themselves out from mingling with the busy, worldly, political world in order the better to imitate the beautiful master and exemplar, Christ; but they cannot afford to forego the pleasures of the licenses of marriage, and all the indulgences which the marital rite covers, antagonistic to genuine, radical Christianity.

From our friend's letter we quote further:

"I find but very few churches or individuals who are willing, and do take Jesus Christ as an example for their life in this world, believing it to be inexpedient."

Hence, the decline of Christianity in its pristine glory!

Truly, very few are willing, however "able," to submit to the eunuchizing process recommended by the Christ for all "who are able." The sum is this: Those who are able to follow Christ, as Christ lived in Celibacy, and who do so willingly, will have the simple, but rich rewards which such a life will bear, without fail; and such rewards are envied by the same unwilling,

antagonistic enemies to the true Christ life.

Now, the questions to all desiring to be genuine Christian communicants are, "Are you able to accept and live Christ's life? " Are you willing to do so?" Upon this ability or non-ability, willingness or unwillingness depends immortal results. What though "but few" are found who will live Christ! This is the worldly apology for living unchristly.—"I do not want to appear odd in the world—not only that but I like the present effects of a worldly life!"

As before, the world is ready for a change from *war* to more peaceful relations; ready for a more humanitarian, communistic relation among fellow men; ready for less worldliness in every other respect, barring the pleasures of the flesh. There are springing up in New York city, and elsewhere, societies and secret organizations for the expulsion from the wearing apparel, of the entire households of all gold, pearl, and glittering ornaments. PRIDE gets a clubbing, and we hope, to its destruction, apparent to those who will not to destroy it. Everywhere, among all Christians, so-called denominations, are seen, and heard, and felt the benign influences of peace—in direct opposition to the introduction of *war*, by Constantine, as a proselyting method. Hope wafts triumphantly in this. Intemperance—than which there can be no greater bane to Christian influences—is receiving attention, although as yet undue attention, from its special advocates. Just here let it be understood that Intemperance can never be suppressed; but it can be supplanted by the general

principles of self-denial, which are largely covered by a Celibate life. Whoever lives a celibate life, **MUST**, not simply *will*, be very temperate in eating, drinking, and generally.

We are aware that the churches commonly have introduced as sacraments many elements antagonistic to the Christ life: Marriage is one; Private property is two; Worldly pre-eminence is three; and from these three mentioned we have the results of continual disturbances. We know, at present, but few are willing to stop long enough to think; but we have tried to condense Christian requirements in so short a space that "he who runs may read," and use sufficient self-denial to withstand in a measure the unnatural, unchristian influences prevailing.



EDITORIAL NOTES.

MONOPOLY.

Beware of those engaged in MONOPOLIZING the fruits of other's labors. Beware of the CORRUPTIONIST! There never was a time when so-called MEN were cheaper; when LEGISLATURES could be procured easier; when COURTS could be suborned with so little money, and when so little indignation rested among the people! We hope, if there is a God of nations, who has cognizance of the doings of the governments of this country and the world, that there may be, if necessary, a revolutionary volcano that will burst asunder the MONOPOLY of our church, of other CHURCHES and of THE STATES and GENERAL GOVERNMENT, never more to be consolidated. Corruption walks

upright, and among the powerful; let the apparently powerless take on courage and feel strong in their position of innocence. Corruption never did exist long without discovery, in high nor low places.

THE REVISION.

We are glad our remarks in JUNE No. concerning the revision of the NEW TESTAMENT are having such a far and wide consideration. Our article upon that question — righteous revising or otherwise — is having the desired effect. The general opinion is that the revision will work detrimentally to the commonly paid, idolatry toward the Bible. That detriment will work but very little permanent harm. It will hasten the day when men and women will learn, that Testament or no Testament, THE LIFE OF CHRIST, AND THOSE WHO FOLLOW IT CLOSELY, ARE THE BEST TESTAMENT BEFORE THE WORLD.

JULY No.

THE MANIFESTO for July will commend itself. We must call special attention to the article upon "BROOK FARM," and "THE BEARD AND CIRCUMCISION;" also to the beautiful music of our respected Elder Augustus Blase, of Shakers, N. Y. We have some beautiful music in store for our singers in future. We also ask attention for the articles we quote, as being especially timely for consideration. To our advertising columns we scarcely need to call particular attention. We advertise only what we know to be the BEST.

Society Record.

RELEASED FROM EARTH.

At Hancock, Mass., May 11, THOMAS PALMER, aged 77 years.

Also: June 2, LUCAS COLLINS, aged 84 years.

Also, June 14, FRANKLIN WRIGHT, aged 77 years.

At Mt. Lebanon, N. Y., June 5th, the beautiful, to the last, MARILLA FAIRBANKS, aged 75 years, long the able and accomplished elderess of the Second Family. Very few individuals have wrought more for the faith, however successfully, than has this mother in our Zion, and "her works will follow her."

NOTICE.

We especially ask those who have not paid their dues for THE MANIFESTO to be prompt in their remittances, as we cannot meet our creditors unless *they do so*. We also beg from those who are able and would aid us, any contribution in their power, toward the sustenance of our paper. We work without pay.

The Children's Grotto.

GETTING UP A QUARREL.

In the depths of a forest lived two foxes who never had a cross word with each other. At length one of them said to the other, "Let us quarrel." "Very well," said the other, "as you please, dear brother; but how shall we set about it?" "Oh," said the first, "it cannot be difficult; two-legged people fall out, and why should not we?" They tried all sorts of ways, but could not succeed, because one would always give way to the other. At last one of them brought two stones. "There," said he, "you must say they are yours and I will say they are mine, and then we will quarrel and fight and scratch each other. Now I will begin. Those stones are mine!" "Very well," said the other, "you are welcome to them." "But we will never quarrel in this way."

said the first; "don't you know it takes two to make a quarrel?"

If all the boys and girls would do as the foxes did, what peace, harmony and love would prevail. Children, if others want to quarrel and fight let them do it all alone. If you never help them they will soon get sick of the business.

DO THY LITTLE.

Do thy little — God has made
Million leaves for forest shade—
Smallest stars that glory bring.
God emloyeth every thing.
Then the little thou hast done —
Little battles thou hast won ;
Little masteries achieved.
Little wants with care relieved,
Little words in love expressed,
Little wrongs at once confessed,
Little favors kindly done,
Little toils thou didst not shun,
Little graces meekly worn,
Little slights with patience borne —
Those shall crown thy pillow'd head,
Holy light upon thee shed.
Those are treasures that shall rise
Far beyond the smiling skies.

AND THE BOY WAS RIGHT.—A bright little boy who had been engaged in combat with another boy, was reproved by his aunt, who told him he ought always to wait until the other boy "pitched upon him." "Well," exclaimed the little hero, "but if I wait for the other boy to begin I'm afraid there won't be any fight."

Venerable church warden carrying around the bag for collection. Frantic scream of terror from a small child who has a lively remembrance of the traitor apostle : "Oh, mamma, mamma! Here's Judas coming!"

A PROMINENT Pennsylvania clergyman says that if the ministers in that State should plainly preach the doctrines of the Sermon on the Mount, they would find themselves without congregations in less than six months. They must give to their discourses a tone which will not offend the wealthy sinners who pay the greater portion of the pew rent.

Book Table.

The July number of the *North American Review* will contain an exhaustive article on Indian affairs by Carl Schurz, and a very lively one on "The Power of Public Plunder" by James Parton.

THE PERSIAN QUEEN. By Rev. Edward P. Thwing. No. 63, Standard Series. Octavo form. Price, 10 cents. New York: I. K. Funk & Co., publishers.

THE SALON OF MADAME NECKER. Vol. III. Translated from the French by Mary Stuart Smith. No. 64, Standard Series. Quarto form. Price, 15 cents. New York: I. K. Funk & Co., publishers.

Madame Necker, as is well known, was the mother of Madame de Staél. In this volume we have most interesting reminiscences of the early life of the daughter, and much about the social life in France, which preceded the bloody reign of terror. It is an exceedingly interesting book. I. K. FUNK & CO., 10 and 12 Dey street, New York.

THOROUGH STUDY OF THE BIBLE.

In order to understand the Bible we will have to study it carefully. I was told in California that the purest and best gold that they get they have to dig the deepest for ; and so in studying the Bible, we must dig deep. And there are a great many Christians walking on crutches in their Bible studying. They do not dare to examine for themselves. They go wondering what others say, what Edwards says, what the commentators say. Suppose you look and see for yourselves. God has given you your own mind to use. If we will go to the Word of God and be willing to be taught by the Holy Ghost, God will teach us, and will unfold His blessed truth to us.

There are three books that every Christian ought to have if he cannot have but three. The first is a Bible—one with good plain print that you can easily read. I am sick of these little fine type. It is a good thing to get a good-sized Bible, because you will grow old by and by, and your sight may

grow poor, and you won't want to give up the one you have been used to reading in after it has come to seem like a sort of lifelong companion. The next book to get is "Cruden's Concordance." You cannot get on very well in Bible study without that. There is another book printed in this country by the Tract Society called the "Scriptural Text-Book." It was brought out first in London. These three books will be a wonderful help to you in studying the Word of God.

Another thing—do not read the Word of God as I used to, just to ease your conscience. I had a rule to read two or three chapters every day. If I had not done it through the day, I would read them just before I went to bed, to ease my conscience. I did not remember it perhaps an hour, but I kept the rule. You will never get much out of it in that way. It is a good way to hunt for something when you read it. Two words will give you the key to the whole Bible—Christ and Jesus. The Christ of the Old Testament is the Jesus of the New, and the two Books explain each other. You may search for these words in your study. Sometime ago I went through the building where Prang's chromos are produced in Boston. They were bringing out a chromo of a prominent public man, and he showed me this picture in its different stages of progress. In the first stone there was no trace of a man's face—only a little tinge of color that did not suggest any shape. I saw the next stone, and still no face, and the third, and so on, and not until the fourth or fifth stone was there any likeness of a face at all. After a little it began to show, and yet not until I came to the 14th or 15th stone did it look at all like the man himself; and not until the 26th stone did it look natural as life. That is the way it is when we read the Scripture. We take it up and do not see anything in it; we read it again, but see nothing; again, and again, and after you have read it 25 times you will see the man Christ Jesus stamped on every page. The Old Testament was written only to teach us who Christ was. Moses, the law, the prophets, they all testify to Christ. You take Christ out of the Old Testament and it

is a sealed book to you. It has been a great help to me in studying the Bible to study one book at a time. Suppose you spend six months reading Genesis; getting the key of that, you get the key to the whole Bible. Death, resurrection, and the whole story are told in Genesis; all in types, to be sure, and shadows that are brought out further on. There are eight great beginnings in Genesis — the beginning of creation, the beginning of marriage, the beginning of sin and death, of sacrifices, of the covenant, of the nation, and the human race and the Hebrew race. Take up these eight beginnings and see what they teach, and this key will unlock to you the rest of the Bible. If you just take the Bible itself alone, without any other book to help you to interpret it, one passage will explain another. Instead of running after the interpretations of different men, let God interpret it to your soul. As Stephens said: Do not study it in the blue light of Presbyterianism, or the red light of Methodism, or the violet light of Episcopalianism, but study it in the light of Calvary. One man says, "I am a Romanist, and it has got to teach what Romanism teaches; another says, I am a Protestant, and it has got to teach me what Protestantism teaches." Take it up independent of these, and after you have dug its meaning out for yourself it will be so much sweeter to you.

Another way is to take it up topically. Suppose you spend three or four months reading all you can find about love, after that you will be full of love. Then take the word grace, and run through the Bible reading all there is about grace. After I had been studying grace for two or three weeks, I got so full that one day I could not stay in my study any longer, and went out on the street, and asked the first man I saw if he knew any thing about the grace of God. I suppose he thought I was crazy, but I was so full I had to talk to somebody. Then the subject of Heaven. Take up the Bible and let God speak to you about it. If you go into court you will find that the lawyer just gets all the testimony he can on one point, and he heaps it before the jury. If you want to convince men of any grand truth, just stick to that one point. Take up

the Word and get all the testimony you can; bring in Moses, and David, and Joshua, and every apostle you can, and make them testify. If you read all the Bible says of forgiveness, before you have studied it a week you will want to forgive every one.

ANCIENT LATIN ELEGY.

[From Prudentius, a Latin Christian poet, born in Spain, A. D. 348. Bentley called him "the Homer and Virgil of the Christians."]

No more, no more in tears complain,
Cease, mourners, cease your sorrow vain;
Give these dear pledges to the earth;
This death is but a second birth.

What mean these sculptured marbles fair,
O'er the cold clay reposing there?
Mute tokens of the faith we keep,
He is not dead, but lies asleep.

What though upon this silent brow
No light of thought is beaming now;
It only rests a little hour,
To waken with a nobler power.

Returns the day when his dear form
Shall kindle with the life-blood warm,
And once again the glowing mind
Visit the form it left behind.

These senseless clods, so long that lay
To the devouring grave a prey,
Upward on eager wing shall soar,
Following the souls they loved before.

So from the dry seed blossoming,
Joyous the blessed life shall spring;
And gazing from the turf below,
Its own full ripened fruitage know.

Receive, O Earth! this treasure blest,
Hold it within thy loving breast;
This dust of man, in death how fair,
How noble, yield not to thy care.

This was the saintly soul's abode,
Built by Thy breath, eternal God!
And in this sacred dwelling place
Christ sojourned once in truth and grace.

Then guard thou well this holy trust
Till, mindful of his dear loved dust,
The risen Lord of life demands
His own true image from thy hands.

Onward the year of justice rolls,
God's fulness for all yearning souls,
When this dear form, thy charge no more
O open grave! thou shalt restore.

[From Herald of Peace.]
THE REALITIES OF WAR.

Can any one read the following and then say that war is not cruel? What think you of Christians, who claim to be peace-makers, engaging in cruelties like this?

A very popular writer thus describes a battle:—"We have been fighting at the edge of the woods. A moment ago the battery was a confused mob. We look again, and the six guns are in position, the detached horses hurrying away, the ammunition chests open, and along our line runs the command, 'Give them one more volley, and fall back to support the guns.' We have scarcely obeyed when boom! boom! opens the battery, and jets of fire jump down and scorch the green trees under which we have fought and struggled. The shattered old brigade has a chance to breathe, for the first time in three hours, as we form a line and lie down. What grim, cool fellows those cannoneers are! Every man is a perfect machine. Bullets splash dust into their faces, but they do not wince. Bullets sing over and around, they do not dodge. There goes one to the earth, shot through the head as he sponged his gun. That machinery loses just one beat, misses just one cog in the wheel, and then works away again as before. Every gun is using a short fuse shell. The ground shakes and trembles, the roar shuts out all sound from a battle-line three miles long, and the shells go shooting into the swamp to cut trees short off, to mow great gaps in the bushes, to hunt out and shatter, and mangle men until their corpses cannot be recognized as human. You would think a tornado was howling through the forest, followed by billows of fire, and yet men live through it—aye, press forward to capture the battery. We can hear their shouts as they form for the rush. Now the shells are changed for grape and canister, and the guns are fired so fast that all reports blend into one mighty roar. The shriek of a shell is the wickedest sound in war, but nothing makes the flesh crawl like the demoniac singing, purring, whistling grapeshot, and the serpent-like hiss of canister. Men's legs and heads are torn from

bodies, and bodies cut in two. A round shot or shell takes two men out of the rank as it crashes through. Grape and canister mow a swath and pile the dead on top of each other. Through the smoke we see a swarm of men. It is not a battle line, but a mob of men desperate enough to bathe their bayonets in the flame of the guns. The guns leap from the ground, almost, as they are depressed on the foe, and shrieks and screams and shouts blend into one awful and steady cry. Twenty men out on the battery are down, and the firing is interrupted. The foes accept it as a sign of wavering and come rushing on. They are not ten feet away when the guns give them a last shot. That discharge picks living men off their feet and throws them into the swamp, a blackened, bloody mass. Up now, as the enemy are among the guns. There is a silence of ten seconds, and then the flash and roar of more than 3,000 muskets and a rush forward with bayonets. For what! Neither on the right nor left, nor in front of us is a living foe! There are corpses around us which have been struck by three, four, and even six bullets, and nowhere on this acre of ground is a wounded man! The wheels of the gun cannot move until the blockade of death is removed. Men cannot pass from caisson to gun without climbing over rows of dead. Every gun and wheel is smeared with blood; every foot of grass has its horrible stain. Historians write of the glory of war. Burial parties saw murder, where historians saw glory."

IMPERFECT RELIGION.

Very much of the religion of the day is an easy-minded religion, without conflict and wrestling with self-denial and sacrifice—a religion which knows nothing of the pangs of the new birth at its commencement, and nothing of the desperate struggle with the flesh and with the devil, day by day, making us long for resurrection, deliverance, for the Lord's return. It is a second-rate religion—a religion in which there is no largeness, no grandeur, no potency, no noble-mindedness, no all-constrain-

ing love. It is a hollow religion, with a fair exterior, but with an aching heart—a heart unsatisfied, a soul not at rest, a conscience not at peace with God; a religion marked, it may be, by activity and excitement, but betraying all the while the consciousness of a wound hidden and unhealed within, and hence unable to animate to lofty doings, or supply the strength needed for such doing. It is a feeble religion, lacking the sinews and bones of harder times, very different from the indomitable, much-enduring, storm-braving religion, not merely of apostolic days, but even of the Reformation. It is an uncertain religion; that is to say, it is not rooted on certainty; it is not the outflowing of a soul assured of pardon, and rejoicing in the filial relationship between itself and God. Hence, there is no liberty of service, for the question of personal acceptance is still an unsettled thing; there is a working for pardon. All is thus bondage, heaviness, irksomeness; there is a speaking for God, but it is with a faltering tongue; there is a laboring for God, but it is with fettered hands; there is a movement in the way of His command, but it is with a heavy drag upon our limbs. Hence, the inefficient un-influential character of our religion. It does not tell on others, for it has not fully told upon ourselves. It falls short of its mark, for the arm that drew the bow is paralyzed.

—*Rev. Horatius Bonar, D. D.*

CLEAN MONEY.

As a godly merchant lay upon his dying bed, he spoke to his children of the little property which he had acquired and was leaving behind him. "It is not much, but there is *not a dirty shilling in it*."

There is such a thing as clean money. It may be earned by diligence in business, by honest labor of hand or mind, or by the severest occupations which are not esteemed as either easy or genteel; but there is money, even in the purses and coffers of many who profess to be followers of Christ, which all the waters of Jordan could not make clean. There are the wages of unrighteousness, the gains of ungodliness, the hoarded spoils wrung from thin hands of the poor and the

needy; there are revenues from the traffic in strong drink; there are rents paid to church members for places that are used as traps and pitfalls to ensnare unwary men; there are gains acquired in a thousand ways that are blackened with the stain of sin and with the curse of God. Thousands on thousands have thus laid up wealth which shall ensnare their children and beguile them to their ruin! and which shall finally eat their flesh as it were fire, when the Judge who standeth before the door shall come to make inquisition for blood, and to punish the ungodly in the last great day.

O man of earth, as you look upon your gains and treasures, as you count your hoards and estimate your possessions, ask yourself the question, *Is this clean money?* and decide that as God shall give you grace and help, nothing which you possess shall deserve the curse that follows the wages of unrighteousness, the gains of those who know not and fear not God.—*The Armory.*

NEVER TOO LATE TO LEARN.

Socrates, at an extreme old age, learned to play on musical instruments.

Cato, at eighty years of age, learned the Greek language.

Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, began the study of Latin.

Boccacio was thirty-five years of age when he commenced his studies in light literature; yet he became one of the great masters of the Tuscan dialect.

Sir Henry Spellman neglected the sciences in his youth, but commenced the study of them when he was between fifty and sixty years of age. After this time he became a most learned antiquarian and lawyer.

Dr. Johnson applied himself to the Dutch language but a few years before his death.

Ludovico Monaldoesco, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen, wrote the memoirs of his own times.

Ogilby, the translator of Homer and Virgil, was unacquainted with the Latin and Greek till he was past fifty.

Franklin did not fully commence his philosophical pursuits till he had reached his fiftieth year.

Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year, commenced the translation of the Iliad, that most pleasing production.

We could go on and cite thousands of examples of men who commenced a new study, either for a livelihood or amusement, at an advanced age. But every one familiar with the biography of distinguished men will recollect individual cases enough to convince him that none but the sick and indolent will ever say : "I am too old to learn."

LOVE CONSTITUTES MY CRIME.

IN PRISON.

Love constitutes my crime ;

For this they keep me here,

Imprisoned thus so long a time

For Him I hold so dear.

And yet I am, as when I came,

The subject of this holy flame.

How can I better grow !

How from my own heart fly !

Those who imprison me should know

True love can never die.

Yea, tread and crush it with disdain,

And it will live and burn again.

And am I then to blame ?

He's always in my sight ;

And having once inspired the flame,

He always keeps it bright.

For this they smite me and reprove,

Because I cannot cease to love.

What power shall dim its ray,

Dropped burning from above !

Eternal life shall ne'er decay,

God is the life of love.

And when its source of life is o'er,

And only then, 'twill shine no more.

1648-1717.—*Madame Guyon*

INDEBTEDNESS.

The trouble is, people do not live within their means. One individual thus soon becomes under obligation to another, and is speedily made a bond-slave of the varying fortunes of one whose business is very different from and is not directed by his own volition, but by the will, wishes, and caprice of those who rule over him. Besides he not only involves himself, but he entails his misfortunes, like a cancerous scrofula, upon his

innocent family, and many are made to suffer the penalty of the sins of one. He is afflicted more deeply as the years go by, and his circumstances change. His needs change, his calculations change, the facts of life change, and if he had the act to do again he would feel himself a criminal to allow such a thing. But he has already made the obligation, and he must now stand to it, even though he suffer severely, and his posterity after him. The penalty of the criminal must be suffered, though the enormity of the crime be largely mitigated by the ignorance or heedlessness of the act long before performed.

Peter the First, king of Portugal, to restrain undue luxury, and prevent the ruin of families, is said to have absolutely forbidden his subjects from buying or selling without immediate payment, and for the second offense made the punishment death.
—*American Wesleyan*.

THE HERMIT'S PRAYER.

A young man who had great cause of complaint against another told an old hermit that he was resolved to be revenged. The good old man did all he could to dissuade him, but in vain.

The young man persisted in seeking vengeance ; and then the old hermit said to him, "At least, my young friend, let us pray together before you execute your design."

The young man assented, and the hermit began to pray in this way : "It is no longer necessary, O Heavenly Father, that thou shouldest defend this young man, and declare thyself his protector, since he has taken upon himself the right of seeking his own revenge."

The young man fell on his knees before the old hermit and prayed for pardon for his thought, and declared he would no longer seek revenge of those who had injured him.
—*Selected*.

The quaint old emblem writer, Querles, says : "Has any wronged thee ? be bravely revenged. Slight it and the work is begun ; forgive it and it is finished. He is below himself that is not above an injury."

A CLERGYMAN'S CALL.

A good story is told of Dean Stanley who traveled extensively through the United States a year and a half ago. He was spending the night with some New England friends and desired to be called at an early hour in order to proceed on his journey. The task was assigned to a boy employed in the house, who was instructed especially, that after rapping at the dean's door and hearing the question, "Who is there?" he should reply, "The boy, my lord," and then discharge his errand. The boy was at the dean's room at the exact moment, and rapped softly at the door. Upon hearing the question, "Who is there?" he answered, "The Lord, my boy;" the transposition of words occasioned a peal of laughter from the distinguished visitor. The dean considered the incident a capital one, and told it with a great deal of amusement.

SOMETHING INSIDE A PIG.

Said Edward Everett once, "The common people will always understand a speaker who understands himself and uses simple language." But some speakers seem to possess the incurable faculty of always shooting over the common people's heads. The story is told of a city minister who, after preaching for a friend in the country, was told by the latter:

"You have given us a very good sermon, with one exception, and that is, you used some word our people don't understand."

The former thought the latter was certainly mistaken, and asked what single word he had used that all could not understand.

"Why," replied the other, "you said 'felicity' instead of 'happiness.' Now, all our people know what 'happiness' is, but a great many of them, I am sure, do not know the meaning of 'felicity.'"

As the preacher doubted this, the country minister said: "There comes one of our plain, simple farmers; we will ask him."

And as the farmer came up he said: "We were just speaking about a word—the word 'felicity'; can you tell us what is its meaning?"

"Why, yes," said the farmer; "certainly I know what 'felicity' is; it is something inside a pig, though I don't know exactly what!"

A PARABLE ON TOBACCO.

Then shall the kingdom of Satan be likened to a grain of tobacco-seed, which, though exceedingly small, being cast into the ground, grew and became a great plant, and spread its leaves rank and broad, so that huge and vile worms found a habitation thereon. And it came to pass, in the course of time, that the sons of men looked upon it, and thought it beautiful to look upon, and much to be desired to make lads look big and manly. So they put forth their hands, and did chew thereof. And some it made sick, and others to vomit most filthily. And it further came to pass, that those who chewed it became weak and unmanly, and said, We are enslaved, and cannot cease from chewing it. And the mouths of all that were enslaved became foul, and they were seized with a violent spitting; and they did spit even in ladies' parlors, and in the house of the Lord of hosts. And the saints of the Most High were greatly plagued thereby. And in the course of time it came also to pass that others snuffed it; and they were taken suddenly with fits, and they did sneeze with a great and mighty sneeze, insomuch that their eyes were filled with tears, and they did look exceedingly silly. And yet others cunningly wrought the leaves thereof into rolls, and did set fire to one end thereof, and did look very grave and calf-like; and the smoke of their torment ascended up forever and ever. And the cultivation thereof became a great and mighty business in the earth; and the merchantmen waxed rich by the commerce thereof. And it came to pass, that the saints of the Most High defiled themselves therewith, and said, Wherefore this waste? and why do these little ones lack bread and shoes and books? Turn now your fields into corn and wheat, and put this evil thing far from you, and be separate, and defile not yourselves any more; and I will bless you, and cause my face to shine upon you. But

with one accord they all exclaimed, We cannot cease from chewing, snuffing, and puffing ; we are slaves.—*Elmina D. Stenker.*

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Do not, as you hope for success, spend your time in idleness.

Flattery is a false coin which has circulation only through our vanity.

Conscience is the voice of the soul ; the passions are the voice of the body.

Men seldom improve when they have no other models than themselves to copy.

You cannot dream yourself into a character ; you must hammer and forge yourself one.

To be comfortable and contented, spend less than you can earn, an art which few have learned.

The first time a man deceives you, the fault is his ; if he deceives you the second time, the fault is your own.

We appreciate no pleasures unless we are occasionally deprived of them. Restraint is the golden rule of enjoyment.

Civility is in itself a fortune, for a courteous man always succeeds in life, even when persons of greater ability sometimes fail.

Good temper is like a sunny day ; it sheds a brightness over every thing ; it is the sweetener of toil and the soother of disquietude.

There is a pleasure in contemplating good ; there is a greater pleasure in receiving good ; but the greatest pleasure is doing good, which comprehends the rest.

Every man carries about with him a touchstone, if he will make use of it, to distinguish substantial gold from superficial glittering, truth from appearance.

Give us sincere friends, or none. This hollow glitter of smiles and words—compliments that mean nothing—protestations of affection as solid as the froth from champagne—invitations that are but pretty sentences, uttered because such things are all worthless.

There are treasures laid up in the heart—treasures of charity, piety, temperance and soberness. These treasures a man takes with him beyond death, when he leaves this world.

Were we to take as much pains to be what we ought to be as we do to disguise what we really are, we might appear like ourselves, without being at the trouble of any disguise at all.

There is no fortune so good but that it may be reversed, and none so bad but it may be bettered. The sun that rises in clouds may set in splendor, and that which rises in pleasure may set in gloom.

It should be pointed out with continual earnestness that the essence of lying is in deception, not in words ; a lie may be told by silence, by equivocation, by the accent on a syllable, by a glance of the eye attaching a peculiar significance to a sentence.

Be true to yourself, and enemies cannot harm you. They cannot, by all their efforts, take away your knowledge of yourself, the purity of your motives, the integrity of your character, and the generosity of your nature.

I would not give much for your religion unless it can be seen. Lamps do not talk, but they do shine. A light house sounds no drum, it beats no gong, and yet far over the waters its friendly spark is seen by the mariner. So let your action shine out your religion. Let the main sermon of your life be illustrated by your conduct, and it shall not fail to be illustrious.

Closely related to the matter of morals is that of manners ; indeed, a man's moral character influences largely his manner toward others, and if we possess the self-respect that comes from our following our convictions of right, we shall naturally become pleasant and thoughtful in our relations with those about us. Still we are liable to be careless even when our intentions are the best. Politeness costs nothing. It is a small thing to be kind and obliging but these little things will make many friends in early life, and the habit of politeness, when once well formed, will be of great advantage to us in after years.

BOLTING HIS FOOD.

Sam Slick tells us the story of the Honorable Alden Gobbie, secretary of legation in England, who was dyspeptic, so he goes to Abernethy, the great English physician, for advice. "What's the matter with you?" says the doctor. "Why," says Alden, "I presume I have the dyspepsy." "Ah," says he, "I see—a Yankee, swallowed more dollars than you can digest." "I am no American citizen," says Alden with great dignity; I am secretary to our legation at the court of St. James." "The dickens you are!" says Abernethy; "Then you'll soon get rid of your dyspepsy." "I don't see that inference," said Alden. "But I tell you it does follow," said the doctor, "for in the company you'll have to keep you'll have to eat like a Christian." It was an everlasting pity Alden contradicted him, for he broke out like one distracted mad: "I'll be hanged," said he, "if ever I saw a Yankee that didn't bolt his food whole like a boa-constrictor. How can you expect to digest food that you neither take trouble to dissect or time to masticate? It's no wonder you lose your teeth, for you never use them; nor your digestion for you overload it; nor your saliva, for you expend it on the carpets. You Yankees load your stomachs as a Devonshire man does his cart, as full as it can hold and as fast as he can pitch it in with a fork, and drive off. And then you complain that such a load is too heavy for you."

DIPHTHERIA.

The *Scientific American* says: "As every physician knows, it is no uncommon thing for adults to have diphtheria so mildly that it is mistaken for an ordinary sore throat resulting from cold; yet such a person can easily infect a child, and the child become a center of malignant infection. In view of the fatal prevalence of diphtheria, therefore, the kissing of a child upon the mouth by a person with a sore throat is hazardous, if not criminal; and scarcely less so is the practice of allowing children to kiss their ailing playmates. It would be wise to exer-

cise great caution in this matter, if not to discontinue the practice of kissing upon the mouth altogether."

Mr. John S. Wiles, a surgeon of Thorncombe, Dorset, writes to the *London Times* that after two cases of malignant diphtheria out of some nine or ten he had been called to attend had proved fatal, the mother of a sick child showed him an extract from an American newspaper concerning a practitioner who used sulphur to cure the disease. Accordingly he used milk of sulphur for infants and flowers of sulphur for older children and adults, brought to a creamy consistency with glycerine; dose, a teaspoonful or more, according to age, three or four times a day, swallowed slowly, and the application of the same to the nostrils with a sponge. Result: he did not lose a case there or elsewhere, and he succeeded in saving life when the affection had almost blocked the throat.

A correspondent to the *New York Tribune* writes: "I keep a glass can of sulphur water, made by shaking a table-spoonful of sulphur with a pint of water till the sulphur settles to the bottom, constantly on hand, and at the first complaint on the part of any member of the family of sore throat I wrap the throat with flannel, and give a teaspoonful of the sulphur-water several times a day. I have used this remedy for more than a year with success, and have had no severe cases of sore throat in my family since I began its use, though previous to that time they were of frequent occurrence in cold and damp weather. The diet should be simple and nutritious—milk, eggs, beef, chicken, broth and the like."

A stronger temperance sermon will never be told than the old one which an unfortunate woman of Cape Girardeau, Mo., delivered before her husband in a bar-room. Setting a covered dish, which she had brought with her, upon the table, she said: "Presuming, husband, that you are too busy to come home to dinner, I have brought you yours," and disappeared. With a forced laugh he invited his friend to dine with him, but on removing the cover from the dish, found only a slip of paper, on which was written: "I hope you will enjoy your meal; it is the same your family have at home."

Agricultural.**HORNLESS CATTLE.**

A farmer who owns forty-seven head of hornless cattle gives in the *Western Rural* his reasons for preferring them. He says: "First they are about as harmless as a flock of sheep; second, sheep, colts and horses can run in the same pasture or yard, and drink out of the same tank, with perfect safety; third, it is sometimes necessary to milk in a storm, and I have only to open the cow-stable door and twelve cows will not take more room than three pairs of horns; fourth, a straw rick two rods long and twenty feet wide will make a first-rate shelter for thirty head of young mulley stock; for they will soon have the rick shelled all around, lie down like so many hogs, and be comfortable under the edges of the stack, while six pairs of horns could hardly be accommodated on the same territory. I never have had my horses wounded, or colts, sheep, calves, children, women, or men tossed upon mulley-bull's horns. My stock are descendants of the old English red mulley breed."

WATERING HORSES.

If after feeding hay and then oats we allow a horse to take a large drink of water, a considerable part of the oats will be carried by the water into the intestines, and he get little of the advantage of feeding the oats after the hay. If such a drink is taken soon after eating hay alone, the effect will not be so injurious, because hay does not need so long a time for digestion as grain. If only one or two quarts of water are allowed, it will pass the food in the stomach without changing its position to any great extent. When the stomach has got rid of a considerable portion of its contents, it seems a difficult matter for it to force out the remainder, and fermentation and colic sometimes result. A drink of water at such a time, by carrying on the substance which has remained long enough, relieves the condition. This probably explains why some horse-car-

companies have found it advisable to have their horses watered at midnight.—*Hall's Journal of Health*

A farmer at Tremont, near New York city, offers this as a sure cure for potato bugs: Dissolve one ounce of saltpetre, two ounces of alum and half a pound of the commonest brown soap in three gallons of water, and sprinkle with a watering pot over the growing plants.

NEBRASKA CUSTOM THAT SHOULD BE ADOPTED IN EVERY STATE AND TERRITORY.—One of the most poetical, as well as practical, official papers of the succession of messages and manifestoes that the year has brought forth, is the proclamation of the Governor of Nebraska, wherein he appoints the second Wednesday of April as ARBOR DAY. Governor Nance sees the beautiful as well as the useful side of this custom, and almost forgets the precise diction of official documents and falls into more elegant phraseology. The people are enjoined to leave their business, to forsake the shop, the plow, the mill, to forget trade and agriculture, for one day, and to plant trees. "Let it be remembered," the proclamation concludes, "that those who plant trees build living monuments to their own industry, and are benefactors of mankind, while benefiting themselves."—*Helena Herald*.

A piece of charcoal put in the water in which codfish or cabbage is boiling will destroy all disagreeable smell. If you have a piece of tough meat to cook, rub it over with carbonate of soda or vinegar before cooking, wipe it off and your meat will cook tender instead of tough.

CEMENT FOR LEATHER.—One who has tried every thing says that after an experience of fifteen years he has found nothing to equal the following as a cement for leather belting: Common glue and isinglass, equal parts, soaked for ten hours in just enough water to cover them. Bring gradually to a boiling heat, and add pure tannin until the whole becomesropy or appears like the white of eggs. Buff off the surfaces to be joined, apply this cement, and clamp firmly.

THE HAPPY CLIME JOURNEY.

AUGUSTUS BLAKE.

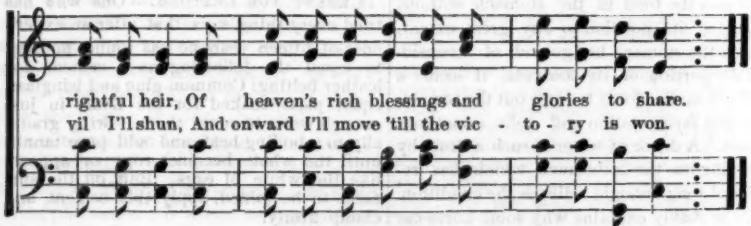
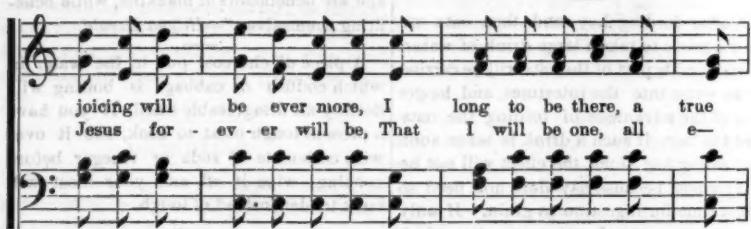
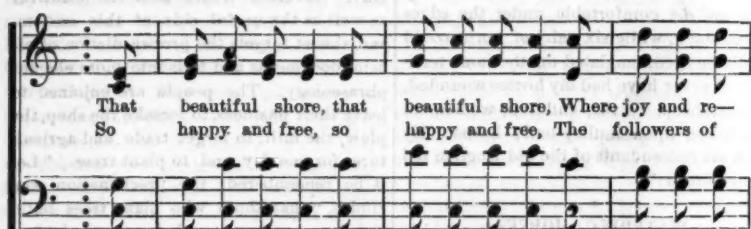
SHAKERS, N. Y.



1. I'm now on my journey to that happy clime, Where grief and sorrow are no more,
 2. With courage and zeal I will hasten away, From all that is a hind'rance to me,



Where love and sweet union the faithful entwine, O how I long for that beautiful shore
 To dwell with the saints in a bright, endless day, Completely redeemed, yea happy and
 (free).



THE SHAKER MANIFESTO.

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AUGUST, 1881.

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ONLY A PAUPER.

CHARLOTTE BYRDSDALL.

With fevered brow and hurrying feet,
Eagerly on through the crowded street,
Pausing not, though the many pass,
Pausing not though the grand oppress,
 Onward; we ask, "O ! where ?
Following with cautious, silent tread ;
We hear the murmur, "no home, no bread!"
What is the world or its wealth to-day —
Unto a pauper turned away,
 With none for her sorrow to care ! "

On with a look oft backward cast,
Till reached is the wharf at the river at last;
Then, with a worn heart, in purpose more
brave,
She plunges into a watery grave,
 Leaving the world and its gold.
Gone, and the tidal waves over her close,
Sealing in silence a wearied repose ;
Gone ! but the eye that never can sleep
Knows of the many who seek the lone deep,
 Many that grim want doth hold.

In the bright wavelets borne to the shore,
Singing the lone song, "gone evermore,"
Eyes that see in the crystal and stone,
That to the thousands is hidden, unknown,
 Read of her sorrowing life.
Read in the sands washed by the cold tide,
How in her great need friends turned aside,
Left her because of society's curse,
Which turns in a moment the good into
 worse.

Augmenting the hour of strife.

Riches have wings that quickly take flight,
Leaving the once glad, sorrow and blight;
Leaving the full home empty and lone,
Fortune and friends all turned to stone,
 Just in the moment of need.

Angels of goodness shower on earth,
Powers to dispel all sadness and dearth ;
Help to make equal the lord and the serf ;
Equal while living, as well "neath the turf,"
 For death locks all in one creed.

O ! in the distance though far it may be,
Beautiful homes for the millions I see!
Prison-house, slaughter-house, emblems of
 pain,
Long since supplanted by rich waving grain,
 Food for humanity's strength.

Meadows all smiling beneath the blue dome,
Murmuring the sweet song plenty and home,
Homes for all people where love holds the
 power,
Peace in the temple and freedom the tower.

Days are increasing in length.

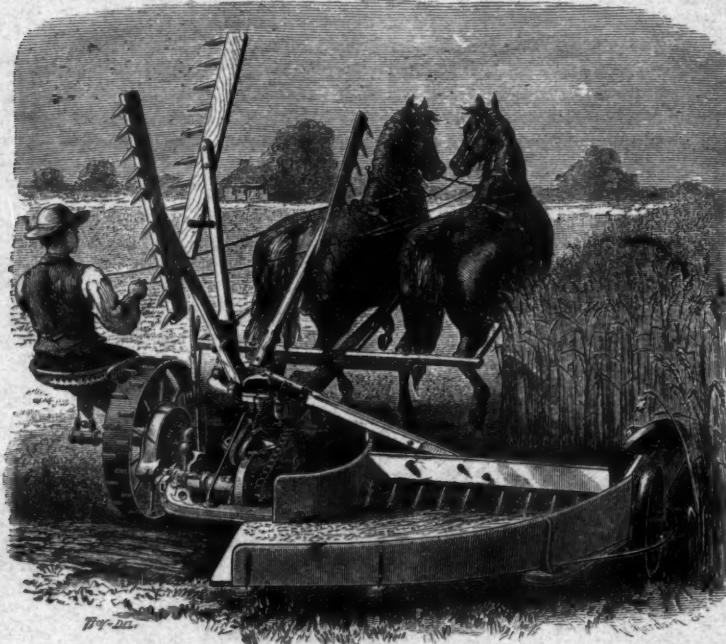
Churches where *pride* has fostered her taste,
And held over many the dire hand of waste,
Tumble and fall ; for God who is light,
Leadeth to worship "neath sunshine so
 bright,

Instead of the temples of death!
Hasten, O, hasten the glad time along,
Angels of power who triumph o'er wrong!
God is advancing ; its might I can feel,
Writing in truth humanity's weal.

Industry leadeth to wealth.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

It is said that most any person can give a reproof, but there are only a few who can take one.



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